

Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE"

NO. 13—VOL. XVI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1864.

NO. 794

THE RIG'D FATHER.

(CONTINUED.)

WE sat down on the grass under the shade of some lofty trees, and took the repast we had brought with us. The single glass of champagne which I could persuade Augusta to taste, warmed and exhilarated her spirits, and we were exuberantly cheerful. A happier day shall I never see while I live. Augusta seemed to hang upon me with the confidence of joy and innocence, because she felt herself happy. I flattered myself I could discover symptoms of a dawning tenderness towards me; a silent glance, a low sigh, a slight pressure of the hand, permitted me for a moment to discern in her pure heart what she scarcely knew herself to exist there.

Thus we lived for a whole month, and were happy beyond all power of expression. Frequently in the evenings I went with her and her brother to the play. Her mother seemed to think that I had some views on her daughter, though she appeared to consider it as impossible that I could entertain any serious offer. She once, when we were alone, gave me to understand that her daughter might very possibly be induced to cherish hopes that in the issue might render her very unhappy. I asked her, with a smile, "Do you think that I shall prove deficient in integrity and honor?"—Her answer was a friendly look.—"I will however take what you have said as a caution."—She sighed; then, after a little interval, added—"But Augusta must know nothing of this conversation."

The whole Summer was thus passed in undisturbed happiness. The passion of Augusta, which took root in her heart, disclosed itself more and more every day; but at length the time arrived when she was to shed the first tears of anxious doubt and grief.

I went, as usual, to see the family, and found Augusta seemingly very uneasy; her eyes appeared to be red with weeping. She received me in a friendly but somewhat particular manner. Her uneasiness seemed to increase, and her mother sighed several times. I looked first at the one, and then at the other, concluded that it must be some domestic affair that had ruffled them, and began a conversation on some indifferent subject. Mrs. Silverman seemed more than once to wish to say something which she suppressed. At length she said with a sigh, which she endeavored to restrain—"So, Mr. Janion, we find you are a going to get married?"

I asked her, with a smile, "To whom?"

"To Miss Willmans; the attorney Grohman carried the marriage contract ready drawn up to your house the day before yesterday."

I had never had the least idea of this before, but it now appeared clear to me that it was as Mrs. Silverman said. Her words pierced through me like a mortal poison. I clapped my hand to my forehead, and exclaimed, like one frantic—"By heavens, you are in the right!"

I now comprehended the whole contrivance, and perceived the object of the attorney Grohman's visit. The thought that I had been bargained for, without being so much as asked a question, enraged me. I started up, took my hat, said adieu, and hurried home.

My father was gone out; and my aunt Judith prared—I know not what. I threw my hat violently on the table, and advanced towards her. My uncle took me by the hand, and said, in his usual tone—"Go to your chamber, young man: there is anger in your face. An hour hence you may come and talk to your good aunt Judith."

"How!" exclaimed I, hastily. "What?"

"Here, here; this way," said he, pushing me out at the door, and going with me. "Who do you wish to quarrel with, Charles?—if it is indifferent to you, take me."

"I am sold to the Willmans!" exclaimed I.

"Promised in marriage," said my uncle, coldly "you and thirty thousand dollars. This does not seem to please you, Charles. Are you calm enough to listen to me?"

I took a chair, and he sat himself down by me, took me by the hand, and said, in a very serious, but, at the same time, a very tender tone—"It is a great merit, young man, to obey a father, even in things in which he has not a right to command."

"Do you say that, dear uncle?" said I; and, turning towards him, looked him steadfastly in the face.

"I do say that," said he. "A disobedient son is a sad part, even when he is in the right. I know it, for I have acted it. Would you like to hear an old man, who once was young as you are now, relate his story? The father of your mother and me was a harsh man, and a youth of ardor and spirit, who would have his own way, and feared no difficulties. When I was twenty and your mother eighteen, my father wished to marry us. I was as averse to it as you are, because, when in England, I had made an acquaintance with a young woman whom I loved with my whole heart."

Here he wiped some tears from his eyes, and then proceeded with much emotion:

"I had not promised marriage the object of my affection, and was therefore free to act as I judged right; and it appeared to me to be right to seek my own happiness, and not to obey my father. Your mother was of a firmer mind than I; and the married your father, though a younger man, and perhaps of a nobler disposition, had her heart. By degrees she forgot her love and was happy. She became a mother, and closed the eyes of her father in peace. I went, as my father refused to consent to the marriage I wished, to seek my fortune in the world. I formed connections, made friends, acquired property, and obtained the woman I loved for a wife. She brought me a daughter."

Here he continued silent for some time, seemed to summon up all his resolution, began several times, and again stopped, till at length he thus proceeded:

"I was happy, very happy, and thanked the goodness of Providence with unfeigned gratitude. But, in a voyage which I made with my wife and daughter, we met with a long continuance of adverse winds and boisterous weather, in consequence of which my wife, being in a feeble state of health, fell ill and died. Her body was com-

mitted to the waves, and my daughter, my Julia, following the corpse on the deck of the ship, on the flood weeping over it in an agony of grief, a sudden gulf of wind, accompanied by a heavy wave, washed her over into the deep, and I— I—"

The old man here started up and went to the window. After a few minutes he returned, and thus proceeded:

"Had I complied with my father's wish, I had not, most probably, suffered the pang of thus losing at once both wife and daughter. Let this reflection have its weight with you. It is most desirable most meritorious, to be a good and obedient child, beloved by our parents. Your mother, in the last moments of her and my father, experienced that, when his dying breath he gave his benediction on you to her, and put up his last prayers only for her well re."

You cannot conceive how strong an impression these words made on my heart. I made no answer, but laid my hand on my forehead, while a voice in my heart said he is in the right. In the mean time he walked up and down the chamber till at length, on my raising my head and looking at him, he said:

"It appears to me, Charles, that you are desirous to merit the honorable crown of self-conquest. Were your father here now, and to say to you, 'My dear son, do as I wish, for the affection you bear me,' I believe he would gain your consent. Observe, however, at the same time, that a young man may hastily resolve on a good action may rush into the fire or the water without equipping how hot is the one, or how deep is the other; but this, dear Charles, is not virtue; nor does it approach to it more than the cold consideration of grey-heads. Pyrrhus defeated the Romans often, but at last he was entirely defeated by them.—an instructive lesson for youth, and indeed for all mankind. Charles, it is the great error of mankind that they mistake a noble resolution hastily taken for virtue. Were noble resolutions all that were required of us, there would be no more virtuous beings than men. To carry into effect a noble resolution is also but little. Not to repent of the sacrifice that is made to virtue, and to repeat that sacrifice a thousand times, that, Charles, that alone is virtue. Thus, for example your father wishes you to marry Miss Willmans. To obey him is little; but you must love your wife, must make her happy, must conceal from her that when you married her you sacrificed your inclinations to your father's wish, and you must find your happiness in her arms. The crown of victory hangs not at the entrance of the course of life, but at its utmost end. Youths, and indeed all men, too hastily believe that to run is to gain the prize. You have to determine not only to gratify your father by your obedience, but to make the future life of Miss Willmans happy. Reflect maturely, choose your part and then act as becomes a man."

I now threw myself on my uncle's breast, and discovered to him my love for Augusta. He heard me calmly; and, when I had ended, and waited his answer, he stood up, and said—"Hem!—hem!"—I entreated him to give me explicitly his opinion and advice.

"There is nothing easier, Charles," said he, "than for a man to give his opinion and advice on every evil that can happen in the world. I might, for example, say to you, you are a young man, who may easily be deceived. Love poifs away like all other poisons. What a man ferociously endeavors to do, he will find that he can do. And in general all this is true; but I cannot be a judge of your private life and perhaps you cannot yourself. Consider what is right; examine calmly; reflect on the uncertainty of the future; place you self between your father and the object of your affections; imagine the moment of your choice to be full of your life, and then choose. Forget not that man is not to make it his first object to be happy, but to be just. Then choose, and then be a man and act."

Thus saying, he went away and left me to my meditations. I have considered, and examined, and am prepared to act. Can I leave Augusta to disappointment and unhappiness? tell me, can I? Though I disregard my own appetites, ought I to sacrifice Augusta? I can consent to any thing, can yield to any thing, except to abandon Augusta. Very disagreeable indeed I fear will take place; but I know not how they can be avoided. Farewell.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANECDOTES.

AN emigrant lady had retired with her child to Aylesborough, where she believed the French would never arrive to trouble her. She was, however, mistaken, and became distracted with fear. Thinking only on the safety of her infant, and taking it in her arms, as her only treasure, leaving all her valuables behind, she rushed forth; but in her delirium mistook one gate, and, instead of flying thither in the camp of the Austrians, she fell into the hands of the French outposts. As soon as she discovered her mistake, she fainted away. The attentions and humanity of the soldiers could not revive her; successful fits of fainting equally to avoid each other. On being informed of this event, the general kindly ordered her safe conduct in the town where her nearest to have withdrawn. Unfortunately her infant was for gotten, and the unhappy mother, in the agitation of her mind, did not perceive it. A grenadier, however, took care of the child; his heart where the mother had been constricted; not being able to carry immediately this little treasure to its parents, he caused a leather bag to be made, in which he placed the child, and always carried it before him. His comrades offered him; nevertheless he fought, and never mentioned his infant. Whenever he was called upon to encounter the enemy, he dug a hole in the ground, in which he placed the infant, and after the battle returned for it. At once to an armistice was concluded. The grenadier collected some money among his comrades to the amount of twenty-five louis (twenty pounds sterling), which he placed in the pocket of the child, and carried it to its mother. The joy of the latter had nearly been attended with the same fatal consequence as her former fears. In a short time, however, she revived, to pour forth blessings on the favour of her child.

A shoemaker who lately lived at Kentish Town, did not choose to tell his absolute falsehoods, he therefore contrived, as well as he could, to evade such as his profession occasionally compelled him to use, when he had cut out the leather for a pair of shoes, he laid it down upon the floor, and walked once or twice round it. If then asked by his customers whether he had done the shoes, he would truly answer, "No! but I have been about them."

FROM THE FORT-FOLIO.

FROM THE TYPING OF
MESSRS. VYBELL & TOUCHER.

THE following lines from the pen of Mr. Sheridan were originally headed up by a friend who had professed them to the poetical department of a newspaper, of 77 or 78. Our friend was so delighted with it, he had he had imagined it the most finished piece of poetry of the kind he ever read. We think his own vain conceit, but a pretty correct opinion; and considering that so much of the modern songs composed in the public measure, we seldom find any thing to admire, we are not much gratified with this exception, which is in the highest degree elegant. The smooth and easy march of the verse, the harmony of the numbers, the fluency of expression, and the figurative beauties (among which the "grace," the "willow," &c., must be ranked in the highest class of personified objects) can be equaled only by the refined fertility, which reigns through the whole.

We believe our readers would be well satisfied, if we could always perform them such rare productions of British genius, instead of our own "cattle music." But it is necessary for us further to remark, that Mr. Sheridan, the celebrated orator, married Miss Louisa (afterwards Mrs. Sheridan) in the very face of a groom, took the liberty to offer her from altar, which he apprehended she was disappointed. We hope we do not transgress the laws of delicacy, if we ask our readers, what they imagine must have been the Lady's feelings, whatever her passion in life, when on entering the nave, she saw the groom who had been her betrothed, standing in the aisle.

Uacoh is this male-cow'd's groin of floor,
And damp is the shade of this dew dropping tree;
Yet I have this groin with capture and o'ers,
And without thy dampness are refreshing to me.

For this is the groin where Delia deluged,
As she lay, in secret, her confidence sought;
And this is the very key, her late from the wound,
As blushing she heard the grave bell tolling.

Then tell me, thou groin of male-cow'd's floor,
And tell me thou willow with dew dropping dew,
Did Delia form next to when the sun was gone?
And did she console her refinement in you?

Metaphors now each bough, as you're waving its trees
To whisper a cauld for the former I feel;
To tell how the flower'd when I did to wife,
And fight when the law that I did to wife.

Four, true life leaves, to the del I willow,
Now flower'd but no more in her looks could I see;
She flower'd but reflection when I did to wife,
She flower'd but perhaps, 'twas in pity to me.

For well did the know her heart most wrong,
I look at the bough of her giving her pain;
But rolled as it is a faltering tongue,
Which ere it from the feelings it could not explain.

Yet not if indeed I've offended the maid,
If Delia my humble monition refuse;
Sweet willow, next time the visit I'll make,
For gently her bosom, and plead my excuse.

And thou, thou groin, in the arch may'st perfume
Two lingering drops of the night-dew dew;
I'll tell her how late at her feet, and they'll leave
Arenas of my sorrow contrived to you.

Oh tell me, thou willow, how late at her feet,
Then tell me on her bosom of flower, and I'll wear
The next time I visit this male-cow'd's floor,
I'll pay thee each drop with a genuine tear.

So may'st thou, green willow, for ages thus
The branches to dark o'er the flow, and the stream,
And how, thou groin, thou shalt be made,
While yet there's a poet to make thee his theme.

Nav more, may my Delia still give you her charms,
Each evening, and some time the whole of long.
Then, groin, be proud to support her white arms,
Then, willow, weave all by green tops to the song.

MAXIM.

THERE are more things which excite our fear than which do us injury, and the fear of an evil is frequently more distressing than the evil itself.

IMPROMPTU.

By a Lady, on being asked what was the greatest proof of a daring mind.

BOLD was the man whom doubt could not restrain
From cutting his unknown without main;
And not his blundering though he was of both,
Who made Pindar's exclamation to be vain;
The hero bold, who led the way,
To face his country's foe, or his own;
Nor was he much inferior, who could dare
To gallows in full-blown liquid air;
Who dare to sell a woman's heart such;
And the giver of a favour and a feast,
Who dare the crowd with his influence.

IDLEISM.

THERE are more idle in the world, reader, than federalism and republicanism. "Aye," you will cry, "there is blackguardism." But this is not so. There is one full of such importance, and that is IDLEISM. It is a dangerous disorder; it is worse to a man or to a woman than seven devils. If you have a son or a daughter troubled with Idleism, switch it out of them in time while they are young, or it will bring them to poverty and beggary. You may easily know the disease by its symptoms. It is generally preceded by yawning, stretching, and yawning. Lolling is the farest symptom among young ladies; and nothing will drive it away so former than an application of a hired twit. But there is a kind of active Idleism: such is your tripping man in a tavern when he ought to be at work. He is affected with Idleism. If you see a young student flustering through the street, or hear him whistling a tune at the door of a tavern, he is in a dangerous way—Idleism has got hold of him. If you see a young man telling tales about his neighbors, depend upon it, he is touched with the sordid sickness. If he is gazing out at a window, or looking the young men from the door, while her needle is neglected, he is far gone with Idleism. It is a dreadful disease—a good deal like the consumption. Correction, by the way, or the tongue of a parent, is the only infallible cure. Prevention, however, in this case, is better than cure. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

ANECDOTES.

DURING the unhappy disturbances in Ireland, a poor man, nor at all, was tried for treason, in conspiring "to kill the King." The Counsel against him, in the midst of his fine fluid language, chanced to repeat the law adage, that "the king never dies;" on which Fergus roars not, "Uphobon! my Lord! and how can I be guilty?" His friend's desired him to keep quiet, but he positively refused, with "Don't you hear what a ball that rattle of the king's name? Ways, oons and thunder, how can I kill a man that never dies!"

A Soldier in the British army, in the late war, was sentenced to the halibuts for an infraction of the laws martial. An Irish drummer, in administering the discipline, supplied his strokes, by striking too low. "My sweet fellow, (says the latter) strike higher." The drummer varied his strokes; but the man's complaints continued. "Patience, for, (says Fergus) strike where I will I can't please you."

One of a cornerer's jives upon the body of a man who had drowned himself, was asked what the verdict was. "Fiddled to death" was the reply. "Fell into the sea! (said the inquirer,) why it was well known he jumped in!"

NEW-YORK, MARCH 31, 1854.

The number of Deaths in this City, for the week ending on Saturday last, according to the City Clerk's report, are adults 18—children 11—Total 29.

Letters, received in town by the Southern mail, mention the arrival of a French frigate in Hampton Roads in a short passage from Rochester, which is said to have brought intelligence that an alliance offensive and defensive has been concluded between England and Russia; and that Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden, have concluded with France in the present contest between her and Great Britain.

Confirmation of the horrible accounts received from the island lately evicted by the French troops by the way of St. Jago de Cuba, dated the 30th January 1854, in a letter to a gentleman in Charleston.

The accounts that have reached us by two American vessels taken by the cruisers and brought into this port, give the most shocking intelligence of what is going on at Port au Prince.

In the 1st vessel there came a young man of colour son to John Guirier, a merchant, whose father had been drowned eight days before, with a great number of other inhabitants. The American captain assures of having seen die in this manner more than 60, but he did not know them. It appears that all the colonists are in prison, and that a number are frequently taken out and carried to be drowned, having at their heads a drum covered with crepe; they were thus led in procession to a flat bottomed boat, lined with black cloth—Among the victims who are named are Medis, Arago, Bradamant, Tourneur, John Guirier, Lyon Laforgue and Belisle.

The powder magazine of the arsenal has been blown up; three squares of the city have been totally burnt, and the walls of the American fort consumed." &c.

Capt. Coleman, from Bay Mahaut, (Guaz.) arrived at Baltimore, furnishes the following intelligence:

"On Friday night, (Feb. 17th) Peter W. Mariner of New-York, returning from on board his brig, the Industry, (the lying along the Key) was attacked without any provocation, by a number of armed sailors, belonging to the privateer Sans Pareil, among which were a number of Americans, who demanded of him if he was the captain; on his answering them in the negative, but declaring himself the owner, they fell on him at once, with three edged fillets of firewood, which they had procured for the purpose rounded at the end for a handle—he finding himself thus beset, and seeing no prospect of relief was determined to sell himself at the dearest rate; he drew at one of the Americans, seized his bullet and fell to work, knocked one or two of them down, and no doubt would have got through; but one of the party, finding whom they had to do with, drew his pistol and aimed at his throat; but missing that it took the under jaw and passed down wards. This was the owner situated when his Captain, Stephen Sutton, ran on shore to his assistance, but unfortunately was knocked down in a moment. Mr. Mariner was again left alone and after receiving many cuts in the head, and being bruised in a horrid manner and stabbed, some gentlemen coming by, gave him assistance and secured some of the villains, who we are happy to say will be amply punished. The justices of the peace have already taken cognizance of the affair. They are not all arrested but there remains no doubt they will be. The whole town of Point

Petre wishes an example may be made of them. Mr. Mariner is out of danger, though much bruised and lamed."

By the ship Angerion, from Charleston, we have received Charleston papers to the 11th inst. one of the papers contains an account of the capture of the English brig H. 21, by the French schooner Courier. The French schooner protected the convoy in which were the troops from the Male, under the orders of General Noailles, ex-continuent. The action is stated to have lasted only 14 minutes—The French, in their own account of this affair, acknowledge the loss of eight killed and twenty wounded. Gen. Noailles, officer of the engineers, and three officers were amongst the slain. The loss of the English were, 24 killed and 30 wounded.

Captain Banker, who arrived from Sarria m, informs us, that a few days before he sailed, he witnessed the execution of two eminent Jews, in consequence of their selling their negroes to commit murder. They were both young men of the first respectability in that place; and to save them from the gallows, 100,000 guilders were offered by their friends, but rejected. They were then and son in law of an aged lady, who was sent to the gallows to witness the ignominious death of her two children, as she had been accessory to the murder. After the execution, the poor old woman and her daughter were ordered to be banished.

Arrived the brig New York, capt. Polor in 98 days from Bordeaux. During the passage capt. Polor has experienced the most severe and boisterous weather. On the 23d of Feb. he lost his fore-top-mast and John Wilson, who was on the fore-top-gallant yard fell overboard and was drowned. During the late gales capt. P. had his deck completely swept. Jan. 25, in lat. 30.10, long. 27, he was boarded by the privateer ship Commerce, capt. Atkinson, of 14 guns, who had been out 4 months and had made no captures; suspecting there was French property on board the New-York, they ransacked every hole and corner in her, broke open letters, &c. opened the hatches, tapped a pipe of brandy and filled a cask; in return for which they sent him half a barrel of pork and a loaf of sugar; they also plundered the brig of several small articles, and dismissed them with calling them a parcel of cunning yankees. Feb. 27, in lat. 27. 20. N. 64 was boarded by the British ship of war Lilly, capt. Lyell from Bermuda, underwent a post-examination, and after three hours detention, permitted us to proceed.

25,000 Dollars the biggest prize.

For sale by JOHN HARRISON, No. 3 Pick-Slip, TICKETS in Lottery No. 11, for the ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

BOOKS AND STATIONARY

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, PRINTING.

CARDS, HANDBILLS, and every kind of PRINTING executed at this office, neatly and accurately, at the shortest notice.

SELECT TRINITION,

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

From 10 to 3 o'clock.

Young Ladies above 12 who are desirous of perfecting themselves in an approved system of English Education, may apply at J. Reed's British School for young Ladies, No. 85 Greenwich-street, on or before the first Monday in May, as none will be admitted after that date.

March 30, 1854.

784-4W.

COURT OF HEYMEN.

O Henry first when fools each other draw,
Where just is love, and where is law
All the a full pulling and pulling,
No crying and no sighing in the breast;
Erewhile's love shall be from his lips it part,
And each went with feelings on gal from his heart.

MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening at 20 o'clock, by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. JAMES LE FARGE, to Miss SUSANNAH BAKER both of this city.

MORTALITY.

THE moments as they swiftly pass,
Adown life's ever running clefts;
Life's warm pulsations flow, and ebb,
All in vain's ceremony.

DIED.

On Friday evening the 23rd inst. in the 75th year of her age, Mrs. SARAH PELL, widow of Captain John Pell, of this city.

On Saturday morning last, Mrs. ANN PELL, wife of Mr. Joshua Pell, Jan. of this city.

In Ohio, (suicide) Mr. WILKINSON. He shot himself in the presence of his wife the morning after he was married.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening will be presented, (5th time) a Comedy in 5 acts, with Choruses, called,

Lewis of Monte Blanco;

Or, the TRANSPLANTED HIBERNIAN.

To which will be added, a Pantomime, called,

Don Juan,

Or, THE LIBERTINE DESTROYED.

TO THE LADIES.

A soft clear and delicate skin.

THE proprietors of the celebrated LILLY LOTION, who the method of improving Ladies and the feminine world, that they have just received a full supply of the valuable article, which is held in such high estimation by ladies of the first rank in Europe and America, for its superior qualities in cleansing, clearing and softening the skin, as well as being it from those numerous eruptions incident to many complexions, and is highly detrimental to female beauty. The Lilly Lotion is peculiar pleasant in its operation; washes the skin perfectly clean; an agreeable salve immediately succeds its use; the skin is also softened and refreshed, while the whole complexion assumes an improved appearance.

The proprietors of this incomparable article think it a duty incumbent upon them to provide for the length of time they have disappointed their fair friends in not having a sufficient supply to satisfy the very great demand.

Price One Dollar.

Sold wholesale and retail at: MILES STORES and Co's. Patent and Family Medicine Store, 433 Broadway, and retail at Mr. James Oram's Book-store, Water Street.

Druggists and Country Stores supplied on advantageous terms.

New-York, March 31, 1854.

774-3.

EFFECT OF LITERATURE.

"LITERATURE with our laws is the pillar of our life, a never-failing remedy for all the ills of our world. I ever know what that law was, which an hour, reading could not dispense."

With confidence that there is truth in the above quotation, it is presumed that the public will learn with some interest that, H. CARITAT offers for sale at his store, City Hall, Broadway, the first complete Explanatory Catalogue, he ever published of his

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Containing the opinions of the Reviewers, upon the books of his extensive collection, in which is found a classification and arrangement calculated to be the choice of the readers.

COURT OF APOLLO.

ON THE PROSPECT OF SPRING.

NOW long, dread Winter, with thy cheerless bloom,
Shut out enlivening Spring's re-freshing bloom!
When wilt thy life career quit the field,
And let, "Dear Goddess, Nature," fragrance yield!
The eye, with viewing barren prospects 'till'd,
Looks for those fancies, where Nature glows admitt'd—
The flow'ry meadow and the verdant lawn,
The tangled thicket and the rosy thorn—
Fragrant with temper, from the northward blowing,
And the drier fall that fits on mountain frowning,
The heart throbs anxious for the vernal breeze,
That blows sweet perfume from the scented trees.
Come genial fav'rite of the varied year,
Let all thy rosy beauties quick appear!
Deck the gay garden with perfuming flow'rs,
And faster fragrance round inclosed bow'ers,
Quick let the merry swallow find its wing
And teach the feather'd host vain to sing!
In early morn unveil the fugitive's eyes
And bid the drowsy butterfly arise.
Come gentlest breeze, with blushing charms disdole,
The pink, the pale, and the gaudy rose!
Awake delight, diffuse thy pow'rs around,
Open thy beauteous bosom—why must thou frown.

A MINIATURE ALMANAC.

SALLY, believe me, I can trace
The varying leaf on **MY** face,
And no fond **BICKERSTAFF** can tell
Their variation half so well
Then half of **BRANDON**'s fine blue eyes,
Or **HEAVEN**'s own touch—**TO** sweet surprise,
That each admirer will declare
A spring perfume frolics there—
When thy sweet glances bend on me,
With looks of languishment and gloe,
The ardour of my wild dream
Proclaims as well the **SEASONS** true—
When thy dear lips confirm the fount,
That thy pure heart has form found.
'Tis **AMOROUS** when thou dost approve,
I reap the harvest of thy love—
When cold contempt wounds my fair,
I feel the **WINTER** of despair.

ANECDOTES.

A **POOR** Irish laborer applied to a lady for her
license to be admitted into an hospital, as he was very ill.
The lady said, she only furnished to the **LIVER** as hap-
pial. "That's the very one I want," cried Pat, in an
ecstasy, "as my landlord threatens to turn me out; and
if he does, I have no place to **LIE** in."

LIQUID BLACKING.

TICE'S improved shining liquid blacking for boots
shoes and all leather that requires to be kept black, is un-
versally allowed the best ever offered to the public, it ne-
ver corrodes nor cracks the leather but renders it soft, moist,
and beautiful to the last, and never fails. Black morocco
that has lost its lustre is refurnished equal to new by the use of
this blacking. Sold wholesale, retail and for exportation by
J. Tice at his perfumery Box, No. 112 William Street,
and by G. Camp, No. 142 Pearl Street, where all orders
will be thankfully received and immediately executed.
To prevent counterfeits, the directions on every bottle
will be signed J. Tice, in writing, without which they are
not genuine.

J. Tice has likewise for sale, a general assortment of
perfumery of the first quality. Dec. 17.

E. THOMPSON.

Silk, Cotton, and Woolen Dyer, No. 45 Broad Street,
CLEANS and dyes all sorts of silks and satins. Gen-
tlemen's clothes cleaned and dyed. Ladies' gowns dyed
and glazed. Silk stockings and camel hair shawls elegantly
cleaned and salicandered. Ship hats dyed and neatly
finished. Feb. 24. 789-4.

MORALIST.

What is Humility?

IT is a fair and fragrant flower in its appearance mor-
dant in its fragrance low and hidden. It does not flaunt
its beauties to every vulgar eye, or throw its odours upon
every passing gale. "The unknown to the earthly bonnet,"
it favors itself only to the spiritual teacher; neither does
he find it among the gay and gaudy tribes of flowers,
with which the generally are so easily captivated; but, in
some obscure and unfrequented spot, where the human feet
are rarely seen. But wherever he finds it, he is free to
behold its bloom opened to the Sun of Righteousness, re-
ceiving new sweets, in perpetual succession, from his ex-
haustless fount.

50,000 Dollars for 6d! !!!

AT D. B. COEN'S Lucky Lottery Office, No. 33 Mal-
den Lane, corner of Gold Street, a ticket will be delivered
for 6d., which it gives the chance number as that of the
first drawn ticket in the Lottery for promotion of Litera-
ture No. 3. (drawn the 4th of April next) the holder shall
immediately receive 1000 golden Tickets in the
Lottery, which may be sold, gain all the high prizes to
the amount of fifty thousand dollars

March 24.

993-1.

PATENT FLOOR-CLOTH MANUFACTORY

JOHN HARMER takes this opportunity to inform the
public, that he still continues carrying on the above business
and that he has procured a quantity of **STOUT CARPET**
manufactured for the export trade, from one of the best
yards in width, together with other improvements, which
will enable him to carry on his business on a more exten-
sive and perfect plan than he has hitherto had it in his
power to do; and is now able to serve his customers with
his kind of **STAINLESS CARPETS** on any plan or dimensions
equal in quality and elegance of figure to any imported
and in a much shorter time and cheaper rate.

N. B. Those ladies and gentlemen, who wish to be
supplied with the above articles for the approaching sum-
mer, will do well to forward their orders soon, that the
Cloth may be immediately executed, to be ready in the
spring, as some time is necessary for the following.

Orders sent to **Oliver and New North's**, No. 7
Beckman-Street, New York, or to the Factory, in Bowling
Lane, London, will be assiduously attended to. Dec. 17

Eruptions and Humors on the Face and Skin

particularly
Freckles, Pimples, Blisters, Ringworms, Ties, Sun-burns,
Stingings, Scorbuts and Cauterous Eruptions of every
description, Prickly Heat, Redness of the Nose, Neck
Aims, &c.

Dr. Church's Genuine Vegetable LOTION.

THIS LOTION is equalled by no other in the world. It
has been administered by the proprietor for several years
in Europe and America with the greatest success. By its
simple application of this fluid, night and morning, it will
remove the most cancerous and alarming fungus in the face.
It is perfectly safe, yet powerful, and possesses all the good
qualities of the most celebrated ointment, without any of its
doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended to a cer-
tain and efficacious remedy, and a valuable and almost
indispensable appendage to the toilet, infinitely superior to
the common **ROZEL**—Cream drawn from Violets and Milk
from **ROZEL**. Subject to however in fact, it has been ad-
ministered to many thousands in the United States and 3
ladies with the greatest and most unqualified success, and
without even a single complaint of its inefficiency. A final
bottle at 75 cents will be found sufficient to purge its value
Price 75 cents.

Prepared and sold at **Church's Dispensary, No. 157**
ront-street, near the Fly-Market, New York. Dec. 3.

May be had the best of **COAL** for the Grate or Smith
use by applying to No. 26 Roosevelt Street.
March 3. 1894. **SAMUEL FREEMAN.**

M. WATSON.

No 18 Dry Street, has just opened an elegant assortment
of **CHILDREN'S LINEN**, gentlemen's embroidered Shirts,
Cravats, and Shirt Handkerchiefs, &c, also, Shirts, Towels
&c, &c. Nov. 19.

N. SMITH.

Chemical perfumer, from London, at the New York Hol-
Perfume and Perfumery Manufactory, the Golden Rule No.
114 Broadway, opposite the City Hall.

SMITH'S improved chemical Milk of Roses, for well
known for clearing the skin from face, pimples, redness or
freckles; has no its equal for whitening and preserving the
skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use
after shaving, with pointed directions—6d. 8c. and 1st
per bottle, or 2d. 4c. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Griffes, for thickening the hair, and
keeping it from coming out, or turning grey; 4c. and 8c.
per pot, with pointed directions.

His super-fine white Hair Powder, 12. per lb.—do. Vi-
olet, double scented, 12. 6d.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 4c. 6d.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomades,
12. per pot in roll, double, 2c.

His white almond Wash Ball, 2c. and 3c. each. Very
good common, 12. Camphor, 2c. 4c. Do. Vegetable.

Smith's Balling Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most
beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps
and leaves them quite smooth, 4c. and 4c. per box.

His fine scented Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of
roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comely.

Smith's Sensitive Royal Pile, for softening the skin, mak-
ing it smooth delicate and fair, to be had only as above
with directions, 4c. and 8c. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dandruff Tooth Powder, for the Teeth
and Gums, warms, 2c. and 4c. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to
the complexion; I know his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetics,
or immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with
very little ceremony for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chemical Blacking, for making Shining
Liquid Blacking, 2c. Almond Powder for the Skin, 3c. 4c.

Smith's Chemical Oil, for softening and keeping the hair
in curl. His Perfumed Astringent Cream, made on
chemical principles, to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's Coloured Cream Plaster, 3c. per box.

The best warranted Cinnamon, native Rose Soap
Shampoo Balm, Dressing Cases, Pen Knives, Scissors, To-
ilets, Hair Pins and Horn Combs, Superior white Stock
Smelling bottles, &c. Ladies and gentlemen will not
only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from
counterfeits, which is the rule with imported perfume.
Great allowance to those who sell again.

TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

W. S. TURNER, SURGEON DENTIST.

Respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city
that he practices in all the various branches of his profession.
He fits Artificial Teeth with his latest improvements, as well as
all the useful purposes of nature, and of his nature
appearance that it is impossible to discern them from nat-
ure. His method of cleaning the Teeth is allowed to add
every possible elegance to the tooth, without giving the
least pain, or incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In
the most rapid Tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Treat-
ment has very seldom failed in removing the source, and
the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his assistance
in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in
general, (from considerable study and practice) is attended
with entire ease and safety.

M. Turner will wait on any Lady or Gentleman, at
his respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15
Dry-Street, where may be had, with directions, his im-
proved Tooth Powder, a most uncommon preparation of
his own from Chemical and medical experience. It has
been in great esteem the last two years, and is considered in
Albany in its application, as it is excellent in its effect.
It renders the teeth smooth and white, braces the gums,
makes them beautiful, red and firm, prevents decay, tooth-
ache, that accumulation of tartar, (so much difficult to re-
move with gums) and imparts to the breath a most de-
lightful fragrance.

Sold by appointment of the proprietors, at G. & R.
Wells's Perfumery, Modest Warehouse and Bookstore,
No. 64 Maiden Lane,
January 30. 1894.

NEW YORK.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY **JOHN HARRISON**, No. 3 ROCK SLIP.
One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.